

the

HONZA DREAM

by
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Are
you
sure
it's
okay
to
wear
his
bath-
robe
?



The night after Honza's memorial, I dreamed I was his housemate and that I had been wearing his bathrobe.

I walked out of the basement
and thought I saw him in the
backyard, but I figured that
I must be
mistaken.



When I saw that it was Honza,
I thought that if I
blinked, he would
disappear.





I blinked.

He didn't
disappear.

He looked
radiant.

I confessed.

I've been wearing
your bathrobe.

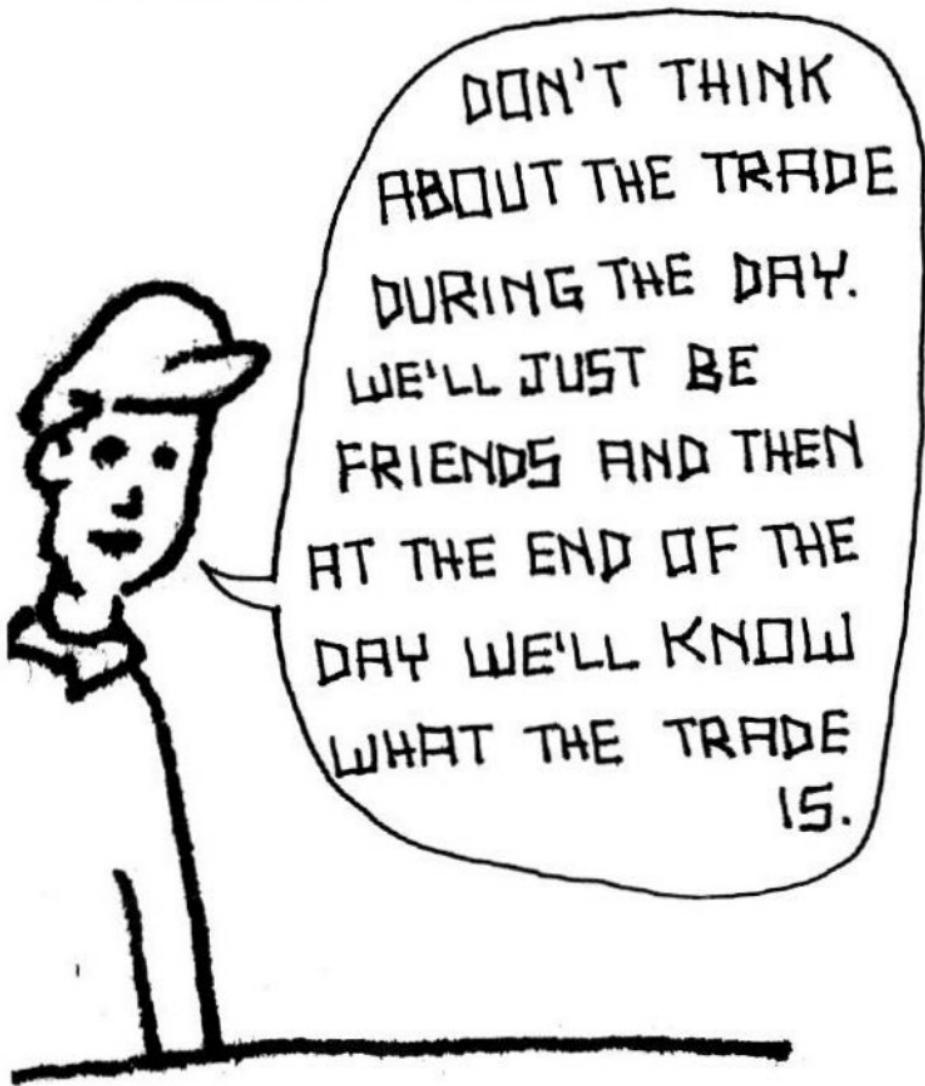


And he spoke.



WE'LL JUST
WORK OUT
A TRADE.

I must have looked distressed,
because he continued.



I touched his hand.

I didn't want to go, because
I knew I'd never see him again.



He tried to reassure me.

WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER
LATER TODAY AND
WORK OUT A TRADE.



I had to walk away.

And then I

woke up.



If you're Honza's friend,
ask me for a copy of this
zine & I'll give you one.

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